Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaiſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad headded ape, a weazell hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines Harry, that I wil. I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtiō that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all thinges true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate; what would ſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then; for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me, if you ſpeake in jeaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I wil ſwere,
I loue thee infinitely, But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I wil beleaue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far wil I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you Kate?

Lady It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines Where haſt bin Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongſt three or foure ſcore hogſ-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their chriſten names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the King of curteſie, & tel me flatly I am not proud Jack, like Falſtaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord ſo they call me) and when I am King of England, I ſhall cōmand all the good lads in Eaſtcheape. They cal drinking deepe, dying ſcarlet, & when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but ſweet Ned: to ſweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penniworth of ſugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than eight ſhillings & ſixe pence, and you are welcome, with this ſhril addition, anone, anon ſir; ſkore a pint of baſtard in the halfe moone, or ſo. But Ned, to driue away time til Falſtalffe come: I prethee do thou ſtand in ſome by roome, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the ſugar, and doe neuer leaue calling Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, anone: ſteppe aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Poines Francis. *Enter drawer (Ralfe.*

Fran. Anone anone ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet,